

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE UNION COUNTY FORUM.

One cent per word for one insertion. Three insertions for the price of two. CASH.

Employment Service: write Southern Bureau, Box 226, Greensboro, N. C.

If you wish to better your financial condition we would like to talk with you about the Watkins business. We have a few vacant counties in this state. No one over fifty or under twenty one need apply. Call on W. R. Anderson, our local salesman Monroe, N. C.

For Sale—One saw mill outfit—J. L. Davis, Monroe Route 5.

For Sale—7 horse power Indian Motorcycle. In first class condition.—J. H. Mills, Monroe, N. C.

Wanted—Some hay or cut straw.—O. D. Hawn, at Monroe Creamery.

Wanted—A first grade teacher for New Hope school. Apply to J. R. Griffin, Monroe Route 9.

For Sale—One good fresh Jersey milk cow.—W. E. L. WILLIAMS, Monroe R. F. D. 1.

For Rent—Cottage with modern conveniences.—H. E. Copple.

Tennessee's best fire cured tobacco, mild and sweet. Best chew or smoke on earth. 6 lbs for \$1.00, prepaid. Prices made known on grade tobacco.—D. Collier, Martin, Tenn.

Mt. Hebron Collegiate Bible Institute, in the Blue Ridge Mountain, 8 miles from Old Fort, offers instruction in all branches, including Bible courses. Excellent discipline; spiritual, interdenominational; moral community. Mild climate winter and summer; water from springs 2500 feet above sea level. School 12 years old, never had a case of sickness. Expenses low. Address A. Knight A. B., Old Fort, N. C.

Wanted—Man with small capital who would like to try poultry business. Apply at Journal Office.

For Sale—One car each of Angus and Hereford high-grade cows. All bred or with calves at foot. Also 200 head of young cattle weighing from 250 to 500. For prices and particulars write Jno. C. Lawson, So. Boston, Va.

Dr. W. H. Wakefield of Charlotte, N. C., will be in Monroe, at The Gloucester, on July 28th for the purpose of treating diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, and fitting glasses.

Call phone No. 153 for auto anywhere any time.—Helms Auto Transfer.

For Sale—An extra fine horse. Half thoroughbred. Works anywhere. Weight, about 1200 lbs. Color, dark bay with heavy black mane and tail. Eight years old. Guaranteed absolutely sound.—J. G. Steed, Mt. Gilead, N. C.

Wanted—Everyone interested in tuberculosis to write for particulars of Southern Pines Sanatorium, a system of out-door sanatoriums in the pine woods. Eighteen years successful operation. Located near the State Sanatorium for Tuberculosis. Patients waiting for admission there can be accommodated at our place until time for their admission. Address, Edwin Gladson, M. D., Southern Pines, North Carolina.

Notice to the public—It is all right for any one to hire L. A. Austin, but I will not be responsible for any bills or contract that he may make, as I have freed him—His father, James C. Austin.

Plenty more of that good nursery stock like I sold you last year. Everybody is pleased with it and wants more.—T. F. Tadlock, Monroe R. F. D. 3.

For Sale—Good second hand Piedmont top buggy with rubber tires.—Apply to J. W. Laney or Frank Armfield.

One automobile for sale. See Lee Trull.

W. O. W. Clerks—Get a new form, pocket size, receipt book at The Journal Office. By mail 25cents cash.

Copple's furniture store is the best place to buy all kinds of furniture. See him before you buy.

Norton yam potato plants delivered anywhere at one dollar per thousand, in lots of one thousand or more. Cash with order.—J. W. Rallings, Indian Trail, N. C.

Recleaned Whippoorwill peas at \$1.25 per bushel.—J. W. Rallings, Indian Trail, N. C.

For Sale—123 acres of good land on Davis Mine road, opposite tract of Monroe Insurance & Investment Co. Lies mile and a quarter of railroad station at Baker's and a fine tract of land. 25 acres cleared for plow that will make bale per acre.—R. F. Beasley.

Watt Ashcraft, Veterinarian—Day calls, 113; night calls, 191-R. Office on Hayne street, east of court house, Monroe, N. C.

H. E. Copple's furniture store has a full line of all kinds of furniture and it pays to call there before you buy.

We have a special order for chickens, eggs, and hams and can use all you can bring.—Lathan & Richardson.

Please call at any time for hack work.—Henry Lily, Phone 263.

Special Notices on page 8.

A LETTER FROM SCAPEGOAT

Tells Some More About Chadbourne and the Girls—Two Hundred Car Loads of Strawberries Per Day.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Chadbourne, July 17.—We were not born with a pen or pencil in our hand but somehow or other it is becoming hard to keep one or the other out of it, and today when I have a few moments of leisure it seems natural that I should be found at a desk with a good supply of paper and writing to The Journal. It reaches me now somewhat in advance of the time that it gets to the rural subscribers back home, you see, it travels all night to Wilmington then comes back into this neck of the woods, reaching my eager hands at seven o'clock in the morning.

Of course I look up the rural correspondents the first thing. In their little items one often runs across a name, the owner of which has been and still is held a very dear friend. What has become of Pad, and the Student, to say nothing of our suffrage debate? I have been waiting may be to call me to the mound and it seems a long time coming. Put on a "pinch hitter" Pad, and I'll do my best to hold him. Student, when you first announced yourself as an ally of mine I never thought that your reasons for being an anti were precisely the same as mine. Had we each written at the same time it would have been a striking coincidence; how we played on the same strings. As things are now I can't use my strongest arguments without seeming to steal your thunder, but that's all right, sonny, I am mighty glad to have my own views endorsed before they have ever been expressed. You are on the right road and with a through ticket. Don't get off or permit any changes until you get home. "Take it from your uncle Willie," I'd rather see myself in hades than to have woman suffrage all over the country, if that would prevent it. Because, you see, and this suffrage movement when it finally comes is going to ultimately send hundreds of thousands of men and women to hell, where many of them should be now. God gave pure womanhood as a cross to which man might cling, and when the cross has fallen the foot of scorn will spurn it. But I am not going to anticipate my time, Pad. I had got this far before I knew it. Be a good boy, Pad, and trot out some more arguments. I won't think any the less of you no matter what you say, for I know you are a good fellow and mean well even in the things about which we cannot agree.

I am sorry getting acclimated, that is, getting more used to this place, is taking more time today. There are some pretty homes here and the lawns and trees surrounding some of them are beautiful, but unfortunately most of the lawns are just cucumber or squash garden. Saw more fruit growing in town today than I have seen in Union county in six weeks. The business houses are not quite so a pair with those found in the towns back home. There are only about 15 brick buildings in town, the rest are for the most part old and ugly wooden structures.

In my other letter I omitted to mention our largest manufacturing concern. There is an ice plant here that cost one hundred and thirty thousand dollars and has an output of 80 tons of ice each twelve hours, however it belongs to the railroad and is situated nearly a mile out of town. All of its product is used in icing fruit cars. Wish some of the boys back home could see the big tobacco barn. It's nearly 200 feet long by 100 feet wide and one room takes up the whole of it.

I am getting more and more enthused at the magnitude of the trucking industry and the natural richness of the soil. On the poorest lands corn makes a rank and luxuriant growth planted only 10 or 12 inches apart in the row. The only cotton that I have seen this far was two bales standing on the porch of a pretty little home. The people were probably keeping it as a curiosity. However, folks tell me that in some sections of the county there is a great deal grown. A fellow told me today that I ought to be here in the strawberry season to see a live town, bought, loaded and shipped out as many as 200 cars in one day. Cars, not crates, mind you. I don't know how they did it. The man who owns the newspaper for which I am working, has eight acres in strawberries.

All the girls here or most of them, at least, wear raiment that is simply gorgeous. Jacob's coat of many colors is hardly in it with some of the articles of habiliments that are worn by the lineal descendants of Eve who reside in Columbus county. Stripes, as deep as the hues of the rainbow, and extend perpendicularly, horizontally and diagonally and often twirly like the markings on a nickel. Two cent's worth of peppermint candy are the chief colorings. But somehow they harmonize pretty well, some of the wearers look as dainty as an ice cream cone. Now you fellows all know that I wouldn't discourse so liberally on the charms of our feminine population were it not for the fact that I get the only copy of The Journal that comes to this post office and therefore this is not likely to cause any of our girls to blush with modesty at seeing their charms recounted. But speaking honestly and truthfully, with all jokes eliminated, there are some as pretty and nice girls here as are found in any town. And they are mighty friendly. One called Saturday and asked me to go to the drug store around the corner and have an ice with her. I didn't go, "honest Injun, black and blue, cross my heart," I didn't, but I appreciated the invitation.

These girls here have everything that some folks back home of the same gender can be found wanting in. None of them here will ever go husbandless through lack of either good looks or personal efforts. They are smart and vivacious, the kind of girls that attract men. But all the same, we like the girls back home, especially one, best. Some day soon we are going to try and write The Journal a real sweet love letter. We aren't going to exactly write it specially to The Journal, but just going to write it and send it to The Journal and lots of girls will read it and one of them

will know that while no names are used it is all meant for her and I used that means of communication because she has not answered the note I sent her just before leaving home, and because I am too proud in some ways to write again direct to her and ask her to write to me.

Well, I don't know what I started out to write about this time, but a retrospective view has revealed a lot of "stuff" which I am sorely tempted to consign to our own personal waste basket. With a promise to write something more interesting next time.—Scapegoat.

The Two Colored Heroes.

Charlotte Observer.

Hundreds of negroes from all over the county drove to the brickyards on the Catawba river yesterday, while others walked, to greet and pay tribute to two of their race, Alphonse Leroy Ross and Peer Monroe Stowe, who saved the lives of six white men by their heroism.

White folks for miles around shook hands with the two negroes, and it was clearly "their day." In fact, never before had they been showered with such admiring glances from their own people and questions—why they answered ten thousand of them. Saving the lives of six men in the face of such dangers as confronted them in a frail boat, amid currents that swept away mighty bridges of concrete and great oaks as if they were mere saplings, is no child's play and the two negroes deserve all the commendation offered in their behalf.

Pictures for the Movies.

Early in the day while they were at the brickyards where the work of building a new steel bridge to cross the Catawba is going on, the two negroes had their pictures taken for one of the animated weeklies of the moving picture world, standing in their boat with the paddles in their hands. This was honor enough for one day, but hundreds of others came and wanted to speak with them, look at them and take photographs, and lastly when they found that the pictures were to appear in The Charlotte Observer they were pleased beyond expression.

Stowe is one of the most powerful negroes in the State, a giant in size and height and was a great assistance in helping Ross with the boat. Both men were born near the river and know the Catawba "like a book," the saying goes. Stowe is 48 years of age and Ross 42. Both are married men with families. Their wives did not know they were out on the river at the height of the flood risking their lives.

They returned to their homes in Belmont to their families and to gain some rest as well as something to eat after they had completed their work, and spent the rest of the time at the river, where they found they had become figures of more than ordinary importance.

News From Indian Trail Route.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Indian Trail, R. F. D. 1, July 17.—Mrs. Jane Taylor, widow of Calvin Taylor, died on the 7th. The remains were buried at Love's Grove in Stanly county. She leaves one daughter and three sons, Messrs. James, Ephraim and John Taylor.

The storm played havoc with fruit trees, timber and crops in this section. Mr. J. Penegar had an experience with his bees. Six gums were blown some distance away and he tried to save the bees as they were being washed away. They took refuge up his trouser legs, evidently thinking that they were gums, and stung him a good deal.

Preparations are being made to have singing schools at Benton's Cross Roads and Union Grove.

On account of the delay caused by the death of his mother, Mr. John Taylor has been behind with his crop but he says if the sun shines a little more he will give the grass some trouble.

Mrs. Randolph Helms has typhoid fever, we are sorry to say.

Our people have received the sad news of the death of Mrs. D. M. Simpson who resided in Charlotte. Only a few weeks ago she was on a visit to friends and relatives in this section.—Fairness.

Constipation and Indigestion.

"I have used Chamberlain's Tablets and must say they are the best I have ever used for constipation and indigestion. My wife also used them for indigestion and they did her good," writes Eugene S. Knight, Wilmington, N. C. Chamberlain's Tablets are mild and gentle in their action. Give them a trial. You are certain to be pleased with the agreeable laxative effect which they produce. Obtainable everywhere.

There is a pleasure in being cranky that only a crank can know.

CERTIFICATE OF DISSOLUTION.

To all to whom these presents may come—Greeting:—Whereas, it appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that The Unionville Manufacturing Company, a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated in the town of Unionville, county of Union, State of North Carolina (R. T. Presson being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of Chapter 21, Revisal of 1905, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution: Now, therefore, I, J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 7th day of July, 1916, file at my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1916.

J. BRYAN GRIMES, Secretary of State.

Phylar's Mill News.

Correspondence of The Journal.

Monroe, F. F. D. 10, July 17.—The water in Lynch's Creek was the highest in nine years, and about all the bridges are washed away. Corn must be cut off one half or more on the bottom lands. Cotton is flat on the ground and many trees were uprooted.

Plenty of cider is being made this week but guess it will all be wasted as you can't find anybody in these parts who drink it or sell it.

Big meeting begins at Mt. Zion Baptist church Sunday, the 23rd.—Jackey John.

The average girl loves to figure in an engagement.

DOES SLOAN'S LINIMENT HELP RHEUMATISM?

Ask the man who uses it, he knows. "To think I suffered all these years when one 25 cent bottle of Sloan's Liniment cured me," writes one grateful user. If you have rheumatism or suffer from Neuralgia, Backache, Soreness and Stiffness, don't put off getting a bottle of Sloan's. It will give you such welcome relief. It warms and soothes the sore, stiff, painful places and you feel so much better. Buy it at any drug store, only 25 cents.

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